

ALIENS™

MORE THAN HUMAN



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Illustration by ZACH HOWARD with WES DZIOBA



ALIENS™



##

ALIENS™

MORE THAN HUMAN

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with GABRIEL ANDRADE (pages 44-51)

INKS

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with MARCELO MUELLER (pages 44-51)

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ALIENS™: MORE THAN HUMAN

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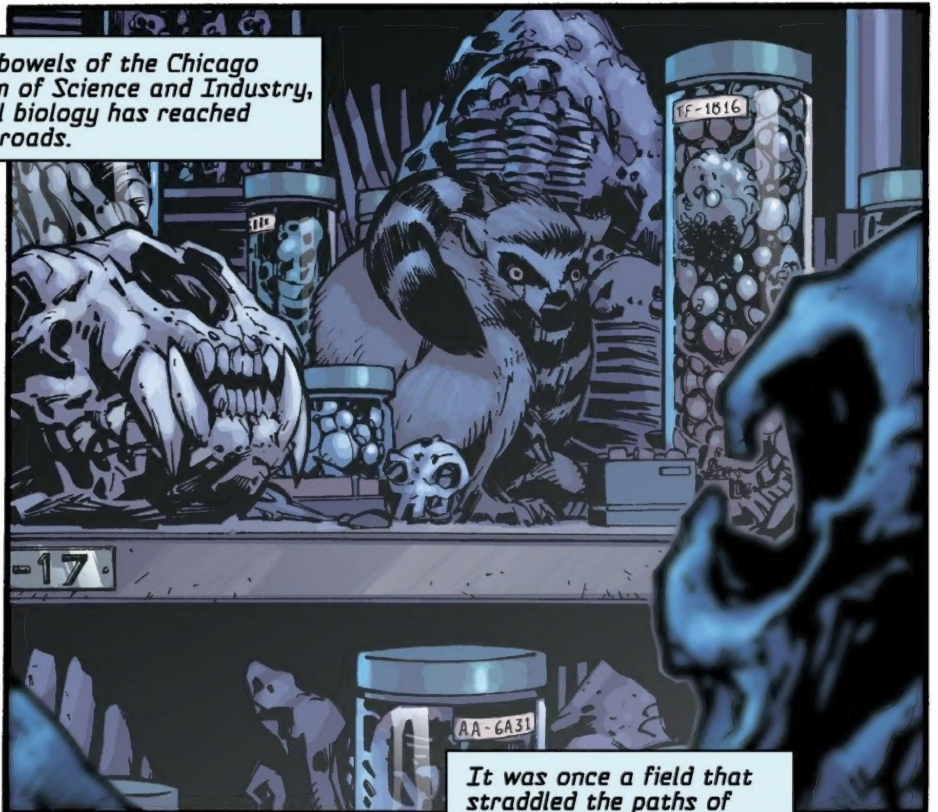
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In the bowels of the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, cultural biology has reached a crossroads.



It was once a field that straddled the paths of biology and sociology, and a way to combine the two.

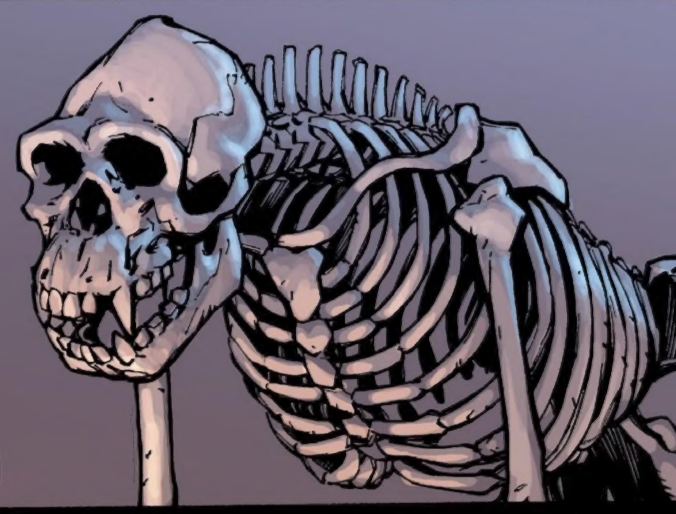


By comparing divergent cultural views of a biological reality--such as aging--a more complete understanding can be realized--resulting in better Alzheimer's treatments, for instance.



But as our understanding of intelligence has changed, so must cultural biology. Or must it?

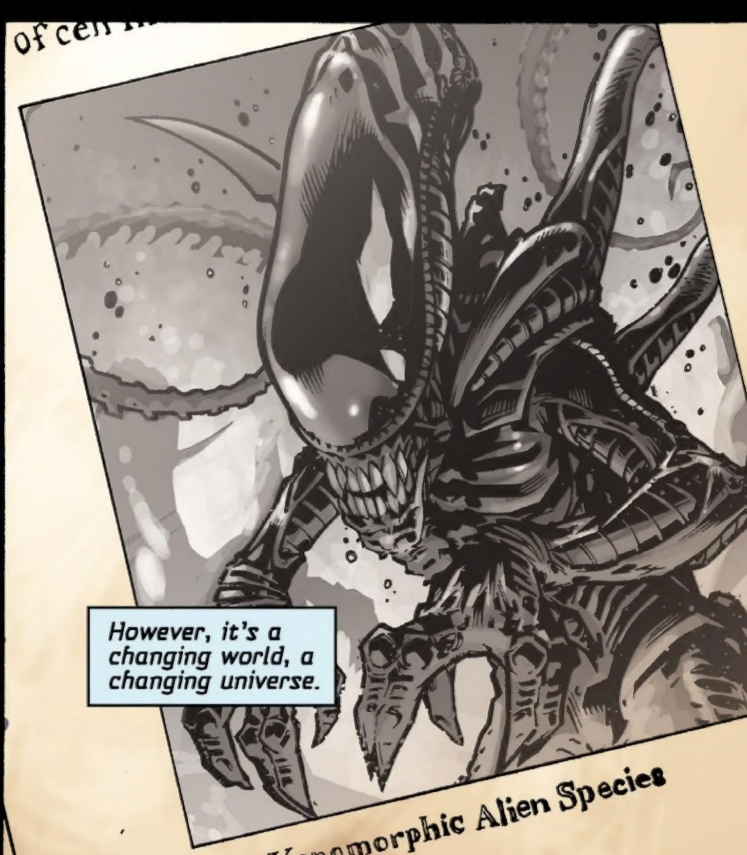
Is it now a field of study that should also walk the dual roads of ethnology and ethology?



If non-human creatures can be said to employ complex reason, and even emotion, can they then be said to have cultures?



This is not a new argument, at least not among Earth's species.



However, it's a changing world, a changing universe.

4.2 Xenomorphic Alien Species

It was not too long ago that a xenomorphological species of apparent extraterrestrial origin appeared on Earth.



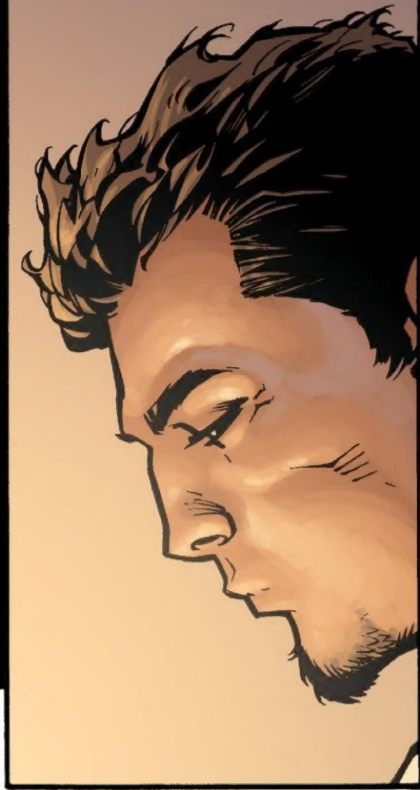
As with most invasive species, it thrived.

In some spots, its proliferation led many to believe that the human race itself would go extinct.



*Now that the exact inverse
has proven true--which is
to say the extermination
of the xenomorphs--*


SCRITCH



HELLO?




*--the luxury of
distance from their
rampage against
our world offers
an opportunity for
objective study.*



We've observed more of these creatures, by far, than any other superplanetary life forms.

If there is intelligence elsewhere in the galaxy, statistically speaking, they are our best candidates.

It seems unfortunate, then, that they parallel Earth insects more than anything else.



An interesting analogy, though, when one considers that leafcutter ants use plant matter for mulch to grow fungus gardens from which their colonies feed.

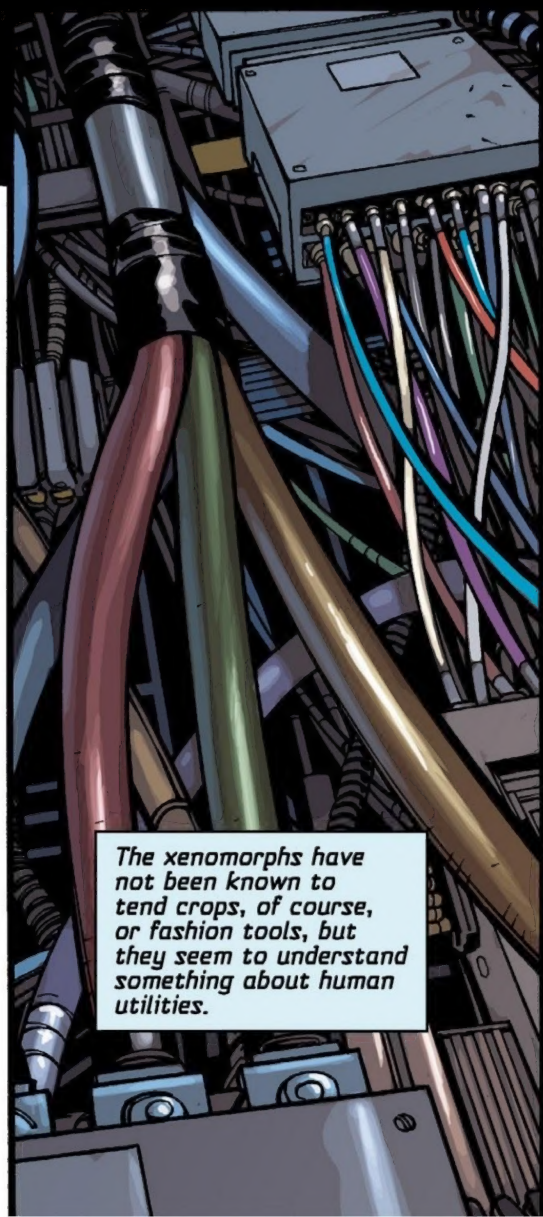
Agriculture. Once considered uniquely human. A main feature of early civilizations.



Termites do the same thing, but as far as we know, they do not build tools.



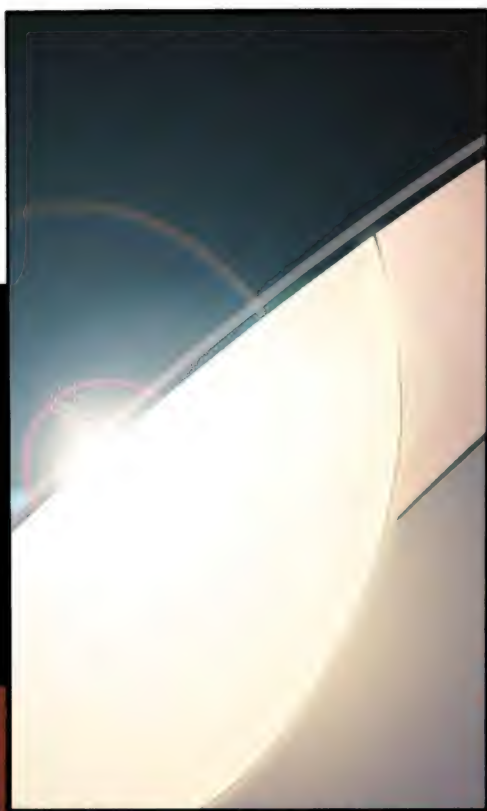
While the chimpanzee does, stripping down a twig so that it will fit into small openings to retrieve food.



The xenomorphs have not been known to tend crops, of course, or fashion tools, but they seem to understand something about human utilities.



On more than one occasion, they have incapacitated electrical systems, leaving humans in the dark and vulnerable to attack.



*Such limited data are
insufficient to arrive at
any conclusions about
actual reasoning power.*

*And nobody would
ever propose breeding
xenomorphs to satisfy
that curiosity.*





So the
cosmos
beckons.



And we find
ourselves back at
that crossroads.



As cultural biologists
gain access to the stars,
the temptation will be to
broaden the definition of
sentience to validate their
presence there.

But, will anything
be overlooked as
a consequence?



If, in haste, we
settle for finding
a species that may
have a culture--



--it's hard to
say what we
could miss.





SSSEREDA,
M'MAN! HOW'S
IT HANGIN'?

SHUT UP,
TOMMY.

HI, DAVID.
WE TRIED
CALLING--

THERE'S NO
PHONE RECEPTION IN
THE SUB-BASEMENTS. IT
MAKES THEM IDEAL
FOR RESEARCH.



YES, YOUR
ARTICLE, BUT OUR
CRYOSLEEP ORIENTATION
IS IN LESS THAN AN HOUR.
YOU NEED TO BE
THERE.

I KNOW.
OKAY, LET'S
GO.



MAN, I
CAN SEE WHY
THEY TOOK THAT
OFF PUBLIC
DISPLAY.
CUH-REEPY.

HOW CAN
YOU WORK RIGHT
UNDER IT?



IT'S NOT
REAL, TOM. IT'S
A MANNEQUIN.

SEREDA, THAT
THING MUST WEIGH THREE,
FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS,
HANGING *RIGHT* OVER
YOUR HEAD. EVER THINK
ABOUT THAT?



NOT
REALLY.

I GUESS
I'M JUST TOO
STUPID TO BE
SCARED.



...HELLO?



YOU STILL
THERE?



NO,
YOU'RE RIGHT.
YOU SHOULD
BE QUIET.

MAYBE...
MAYBE YOU
WANT TO
BREAK RADIO
CONTACT?



YES,
ANDREA.
I'M STILL
HERE.

I THOUGHT
I SAW SOMETHING
MOVING. DIDN'T WANT
TO ANNOUNCE
MYSELF.



I DON'T
THINK THAT'S
NECESSARY,
DO YOU?



NO.

ALL
RIGHT, SO
WE WON'T.



ACTUALLY,
I'VE BEEN
MEANING TO
ASK YOU--





SORRY ABOUT
THAT. JUST HAD A
LITTLE RUN-IN--

SSKREEE
EEEEEE

KRAAKK



HEY! HEY,
WHAT WAS
THAT?

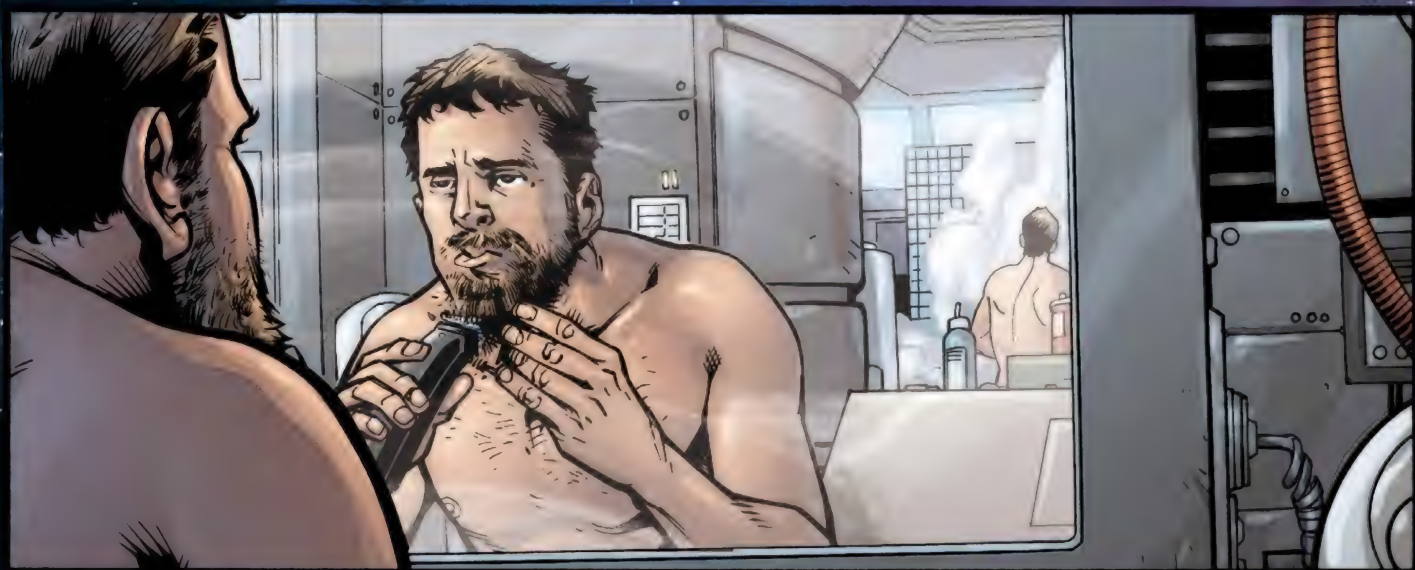
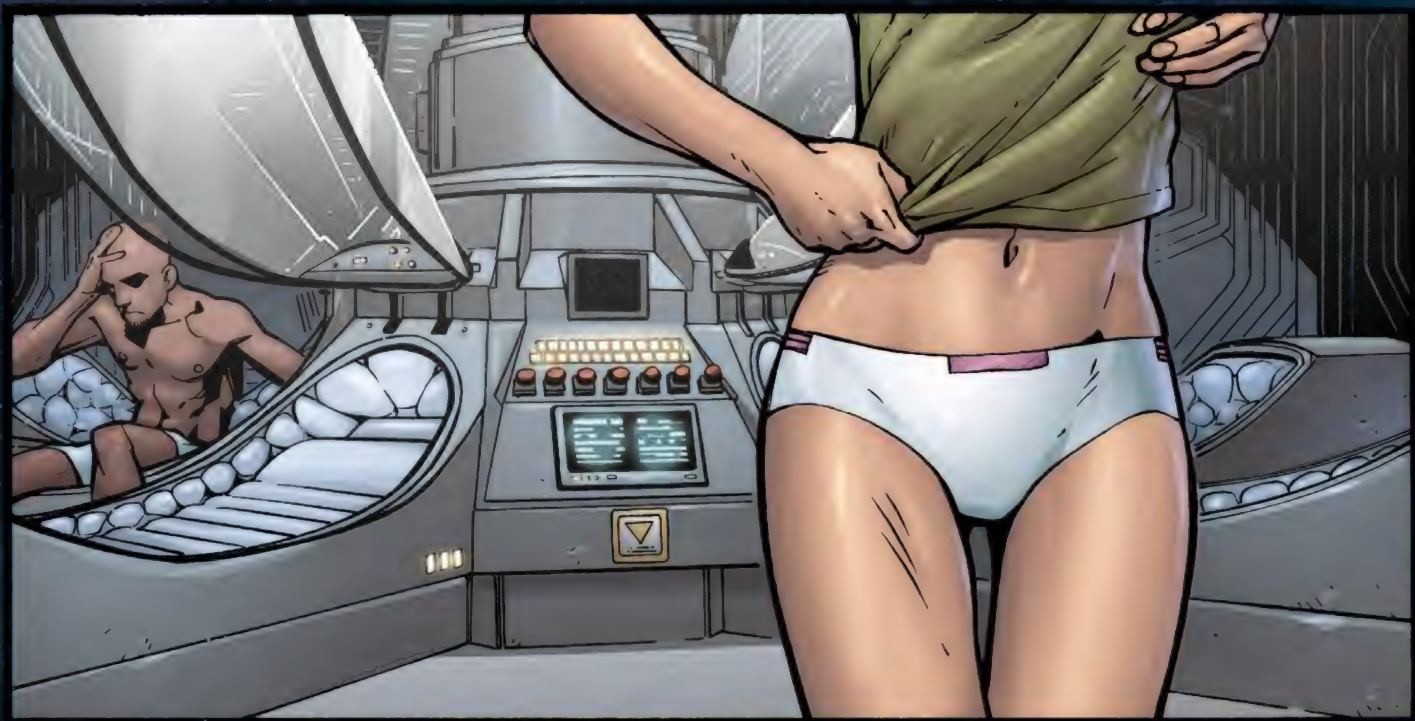
HELLO?



ARE YOU
OKAY?



PLEASE
BE OKAY...





OKAY, WHAT'VE WE GOT?

PRETTY MUCH NORMAL, CAP'N. WE ENTERED THE *CHIONE* SYSTEM A WEEK AGO. EXPOSURE LEVELS HAVE BEEN LOW, BUT FROM HERE ON OUT IT LOOKS A LITTLE TRICKIER.



Hmm. I KNEW THERE WAS SOME REASON FOR US TO WAKE UP.

ONE PROBLEM. OUR AUTO-COM SENT OUT ALMOST NINETY HAILING PROMPTS OVER THE LAST WEEK.



I EVEN TRIED VERBAL CONTACT. NOTHING.

YEAH. I SEE THAT.



WHAT DO YOU THINK'S UP, CAP'N?

WHO KNOWS? COULD BE A MILLION THINGS.

AND CUT OUT THAT "CAP'N" CRAP!





A LONG,
LONG AND
DARK
NIGHT.

LOOKING
FORWARD TO
WALKING IN
THE SUNSHINE
AGAIN.

ACTUALLY,
CHIONE HAS AN
EXTREME POPULATION
ONE STAR. NOT **QUITE**
LIKE OUR SUN.

IT'LL
DO, **TERESE**.
TRUST ME.

WOW!
YOU ALREADY
MAPPED OUT THE
TERRAIN?

I
COULDN'T
WAIT. I MEAN,
THERE'S JUST THE
ONE ROAD TO
THE SITE...



BUT THEN,
WHY NOT? IT'S
STILL HARD TO
BELIEVE, AFTER
ALL.

OTHER
BRAINS
OUT THERE.
BUILDING
THINGS.



I KNOW,
I KNOW. SILLY,
RIGHT?

NO, NO.
NOT AT ALL.

CRAZY?
MAYBE.



YOU KNOW,
THE **HONITO** CREW
AREN'T THE FIRST TO
REPORT A NON-HUMAN
ARTIFACT.

YES,
FREDERICK,
WE'VE ALL HEARD THE
STORIES ABOUT **LV-426**,
BUT NOTHING WAS
RECOVERED. NOT EVEN
PICTURES.

THE
PROBLEM WITH
TRAVELING WITH
SCIENTISTS IS, THEY
ALL WANT TO PROVE
HOW MUCH SMARTER
THEY ARE THAN
YOU.

"HONITO
CREW"?

HEY, I'M
A LITTLE FUZZY
ON THE DETAILS
HERE. WHAT'S
THE **HONITO**
CREW?

AND
HOW DID
WE FIND **THAT**
EXACTLY?

VIDAR

MAYBE
NOT **ALL** OF
THEM.

HEY,
COME ON. I WAS
IN THAT POD FOR,
WHAT? **EIGHTEEN**
MONTHS?

MESSES
WITH YOUR
MEMORY, YOU
KNOW?

Uh-huh.
THAT'S WHAT THE
POST-HYPER SLEEP
REORIENTATION
VIDEO IS FOR. GO
WATCH IT.



SURE, I
COULD. OR, YOU
COULD JUST **TELL** ME
IN, LIKE, THIRTY SECONDS.

YEAH, YEAH.
THEN THEY LEASE OUT
MINING RIGHTS TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER. IT'S
COMING BACK
TO ME.

ONLY IN
THIS CASE, THEY FOUND
WHAT LOOK LIKE ANCIENT
STRUCTURES--OR SOMETHING--
FIRST, AND REALIZED THEY
HAD A DOUBLE
BONANZA.



OKAY. **HONITO
ENTERPRISES** IS
KIND OF A WILDCAT
OPERATION THAT JUST
STUMBLED ON OUR
SITE.

FOR YEARS,
THEY'VE HUNTED UP
HABITABLE PLANETS IN
EVERY LOCAL SYSTEM.
WHEN THEY FIND
ONE, THEY FILE A
CLAIM--



THEY'RE ENFORCING A
UNIVERSAL MINING
MORATORIUM TO PROTECT
THE SITE'S INTEGRITY--
FOR A FEE.

ON TOP OF
THAT, THEY AUCTIONED
OFF EXCAVATION PRIVILEGES.
FORTUNATELY, OUR ACADEMIC
CONSORTIUM WON.



GREAT.
THANKS.

SEE?
THAT WASN'T
SO HARD.

NO, I
GUESS
NOT.



SUCKS
ALWAYS HAVING
TO BE THE NICE
GUY, DOESN'T
IT?

SOMETIMES.





"Uh-oh, LOOKS LIKE
SOME HIGH ION DENSITY
ON OUR FLIGHT PATH."

WE EITHER
MAKE EARLY ENTRY,
OR PULL ANOTHER
ORBIT.

ANOTHER
ORBIT, WE
DON'T
LAND TILL
MIDNIGHT.

OKAY,
LISTEN UP,
PEOPLE!

WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
TO MAKE AN
EARLY ENTRY.

IT'LL BE A
BIT ROUGH,
SO GET
STRAPPED
IN.

STILL NO
CONTACT WITH THE
SURFACE. DOESN'T THAT
WORRY YOU?

WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO DO,
BRIAN? TURN AROUND
AND GO HOME?



MOVE IT, PECK. WHAT'S THE HOLD UP?

FORGET HOW TO FASTEN A SEATBELT?



FUNNY. HILARIOUS.

NEXT TIME YOU JOKERS NEED MY HELP AND I SAY "NO," REMEMBER THIS MOMENT, OKAY?



WE'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.

TERESE, GOT YOUR MAP?



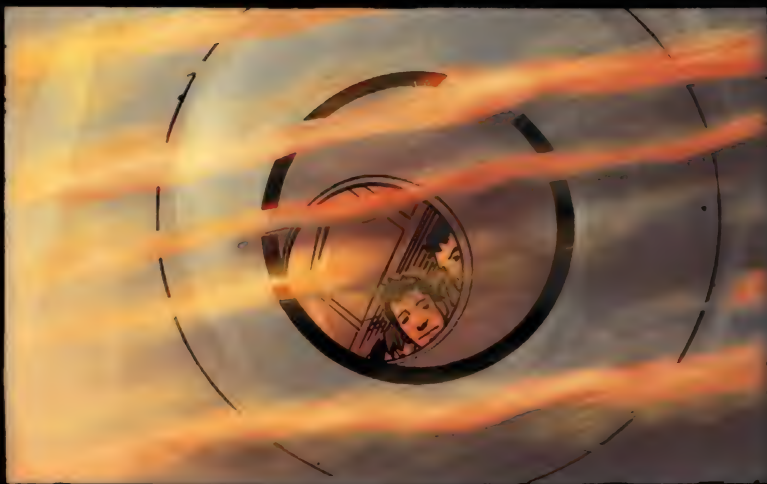
RIGHT HERE.



HELLO, NOBEL PRIZE!

AND GOOD-BYE ENDLESS NIGHT, eh, DAVID?

AND GOOD RIDDANCE!





WELCOME TO **CHIONE**. THIS IS GARY LOWENGER, AND I'M CHESTER ADNOUR--BUT CALL ME **RED**.

DR. TERESE FANTE. THE CREW WILL INTRODUCE THEMSELVES.

WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU. WE COULDN'T MAKE RADIO CONTACT ON OUR APPROACH.



KIND OF EXPECTED A BIGGER GREETING, THOUGH, YOU KNOW?

NOTHING PERSONAL.

THERE'S JUST A LOT OF WORK TO BE DONE HERE. YOU'LL MEET FOLKS AT DINNER.



GOOD, GOOD. I HAVE SOME PAPERWORK HERE THAT WE CAN SETTLE UP THEN.

PAPERWORK?



Ummm, YES. PAPERWORK.

YOU...YOU DO KNOW WHO WE ARE, RIGHT? AND WHY WE'RE HERE? I MEAN, THIS WAS SETTLED MONTHS AGO WHEN--



I THINK MAYBE WE BETTER GET THAT LEASE AGREEMENT OUT OF THE WAY NOW.

HOLD ON. GARY'S JUST NOT UP TO DATE, IS ALL.



WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE RADIO? WE'VE HAD SOME COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS AROUND HERE.

COME ON--



--I'M SURE YOU'RE ALL TIRED. WE'LL GET YOU SETTLED IN YOUR QUARTERS.



ACTUALLY, WE'D RATHER HEAD TO OUR SITE, FIRST.

JUST FOR A LOOK.



YES, **YOUR** SITE.

YOU WANT TO SEE **YOUR** SITE.



Ummm...

MR. ADNOUR, I REALLY SENSE THAT THERE'S A PROBLEM HERE.



NO.
NOT A
PROBLEM,
REALLY.

ATV'S
ARE THIS
WAY.



DOING A LITTLE
CONSTRUCTION?

LIKE RED
SAID, ALWAYS
WORK NEEDS
DOING 'ROUND
HERE.



OKAY, BUT
WHAT ARE YOU
BUILDING WAY
OUT HERE?

IT KINDA
HAD TO BE
HERE.

THAT'S
RIGHT. HAD
TO BE.

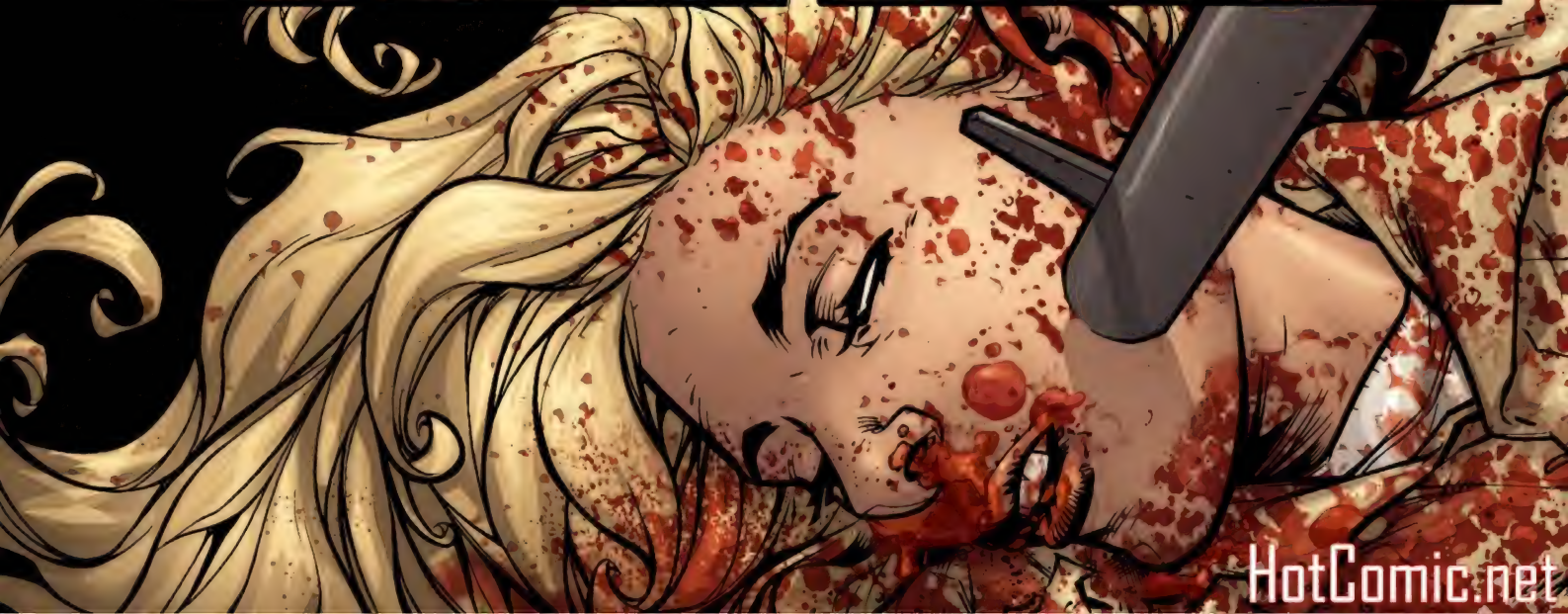
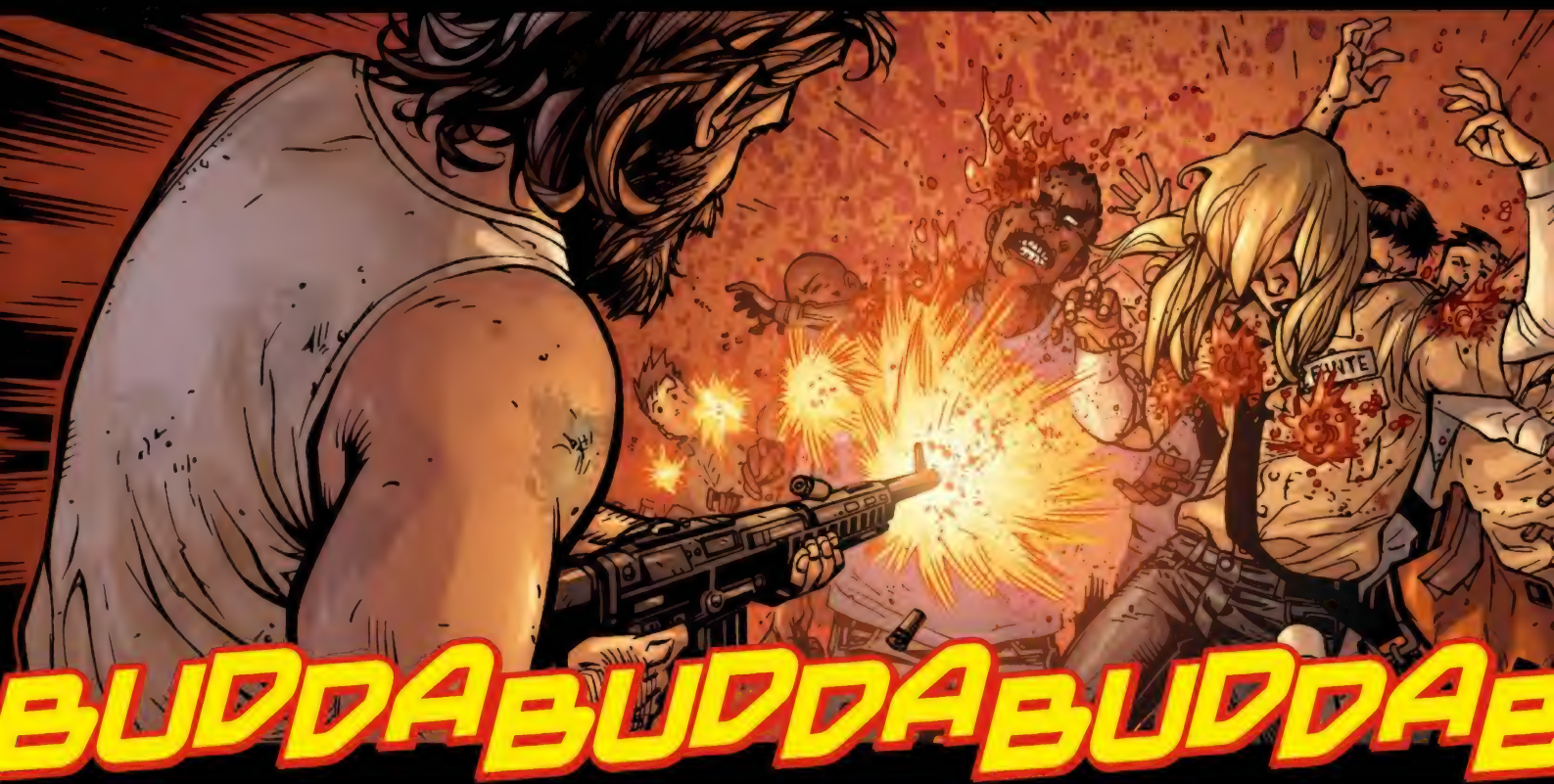


BECAUSE
OF THE
SMELL.



HEY.

**HEY,
WAIT!!!**





"--THEY'RE OURS ALONE NOW."



WE'RE FREE NOW, GARY. FREE. AND KATHERINE IS COMING. YOU'LL SEE.

THE CITY, THE SPIRIT, AND THE BLESSINGS--





I STILL CAN'T
RAISE KATHERINE.
ETAİN SAYS HE
CAN'T EITHER.

DON'T
WORRY.



KATHERINE'S TEAM HAD
TO HIDE THE **BLESSINGS**
BEFORE THE WARSHIP
CAME.

THAT'S AN
IMPORTANT MISSION.
THAT'S HER FOCUS,
NOT THE RADIO.
SHE'LL BE BACK.

BUT IF
SOMETHING
HAPPENED...



THE WORST THING
THAT COULD HAPPEN,
WE JUST PREVENTED.
WE'RE ALL **AWAKE**
NOW. ALIVE.

OUR HOME
HAS BEEN **ONLY**
GOOD TO US.
YOU KNOW
THAT.

NOW
COME ON.
LET'S GET
GOING.







"--HOW CAN YOU
STILL WORRY?"



File "BMNC-24 engine actuation sequence" has been identified. Estimated download time is less than seven minutes.



File "BMNC-24 launch procedure" has been identified. Estimated download time is approximately twelve minutes.



File "BMNC-24 shield engagement procedure" has been identified. Estimated download time is less than nine minutes.



FIND
PROGRAM
FOR ESCAPE
VELOCITY FLIGHT
PROCEDURE.

File "BMNC-24 escape
velocity procedure" has
been identified.
Adjustments for current
gravitational conditions
are required.

MAKE
ADJUSTMENTS.

Adjustments have
been made. Estimated
download time is
approximately
eighteen minutes.

ALL RIGHT,
THEN. INITIATE
DOWNLOAD.

Download
initiated.





HELLO?

I HEARD SOMEBODY ON THIS FREQUENCY. PLEASE, HELP ME...HELLO?



KLIK



THIS IS THE VIDAR ON FREQUENCY FOUR-SIX-NINER-FOUR. PLEASE IDENTIFY YOURSELF.



OH, THANK GOD, THANK GOD!!!

THIS IS ANDREA KEATS!!

ANDREA KEATS FROM HONITO INC. YOU GOTTA HELP ME. THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!





WHO?! ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT RED AND GARY?

RED AND--? NO, THEY'RE DEAD. EVERYBODY'S DEAD.

I THINK...

I DON'T KNOW. THEY KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE. A LOT.



THEY JUST HAVEN'T FOUND ME YET, BUT THEY WILL.

SO WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY? AND WHAT'S "VEE DAR?"



I'M DAVID SEREDA, AND THE VIDAR IS MY SHIP. LISTEN, ANDREA--



THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE THE SHIP WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HIDE FROM.



HIDE FROM? WHY?

I...I DON'T REMEMBER...



I'M IN THE
CANYON CITY. DO
YOU KNOW WHERE
THAT IS?

WE'LL
FIGURE
THAT OUT IN
A SECOND,
BUT ANDREA,
TELL ME.

WHO'S
TRYING TO
KILL YOU?

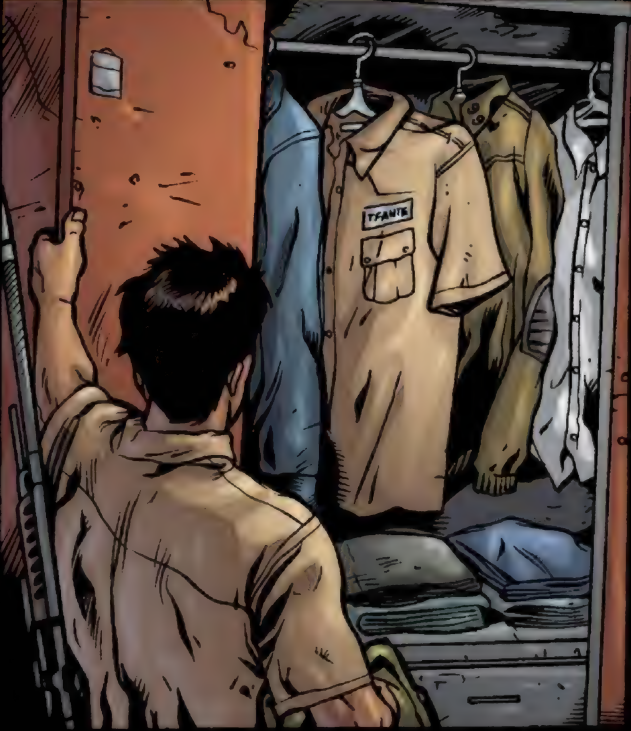


WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN
"WHO"?



"THE MONSTERS."







ARE YOU
SURE YOU CAN
FIND IT?



I'M
ALMOST
THERE,
ANDREA.



YOU JUST
SAW THE CANYON
FOR THE FIRST
TIME, DIDN'T
YOU?



I CAN
TELL. YOU'RE
BREATHING
HARD.



IT DOES
THAT TO YOU.
YOU HAVE TO
BE CAREFUL.

IT'LL DRIVE
YOU **CRAZY**, SAME
WAY IT DID ALL OF
US. TOOK SEEING
MY BROTHER
GETTING KILLED
TO SHOCK ME
OUT OF IT.

NO.
THAT'S
NOT...

...I WAS...
INJURED
BEFORE.

DROVE
YOU ALL
CRAZY?
GARY AND
RED--



YOU
MENTIONED THEM
BEFORE. HOW DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
RED AND GARY?



--BUT CALL
ME **RED**.



WE MET
HIM--
THEM.

RIGHT
AFTER WE
LANDED.





ONE.

I'M ALONE.
BUT DON'T
WORRY. I'M
COMING.



ARE
YOU SURE YOU
CAN FIND ME?
YOU'VE SEEN THE
CANYON.

I TOLD YOU,
I'VE GOT A FIX ON
YOUR POSITION FROM
YOUR SIGNAL. JUST KEEP
THIS FREQUENCY OPEN,
AND I WON'T LOSE
YOU.



SO WHAT'S
ALL THIS ABOUT
YOU AND THE
OTHERS GOING
CRAZY?

YEAH.
THAT. IT'S KIND OF
EMBARRASSING.




"WE WERE FINE THE FIRST
FEW MONTHS ON CHIONE.
A NICE LITTLE COMMUNITY,
AND WE ALREADY HAD A
FEW MINING BIDS IN.

"BUT THEN SOME
SCOUTS FOUND IT.
THE CANYON.



"IT DIDN'T HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE,
BUT GRADUALLY, FOLKS STOPPED
WORKING ON THE CAMP, OR ON
BUSINESS, OR ANYTHING.



"WE JUST STARTED
SPENDING ALL OF OUR
TIME IN THE CANYON.

"SOMETHING WAS
JUST DRAWING US HERE.
KEEPING US HERE."



HELLO?
YOU STILL
THERE?


YES, ANDREA.
I'M STILL HERE.
I THOUGHT I SAW
SOMETHING MOVING.
DIDN'T WANT TO
ANNOUNCE
MYSELF.



YOU'RE
RIGHT. YOU
SHOULD BE
QUIET. MAYBE
YOU WANT TO
BREAK RADIO
CONTACT?

I DON'T THINK
THAT'S NECESSARY.
ACTUALLY, I'VE
BEEN MEANING TO
ASK YOU--






"WELL, AT LEAST
I'M STILL RECEIVING
HER SIGNAL."



TEMPERATURE'S
DROPPING FASTER
THAN EXPECTED. AND
THESE LUMINESCENT
FORMATIONS--

MORE.



JUST
LIKE THE OTHERS.
PHYSIOGNOMICALLY
DISCRETE FROM
KNOWN XENOMORPH
POPULATIONS.

A SUB-
SPECIES, OR
A PHENOTYPE,
PERHAPS.

YAAHHHHH!

HEY!

THAT
SOUNDED
HUMAN!

CAREFUL.
DON'T WANT
THEIR BLOOD
HITTING
ANYBODY
IN THERE.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



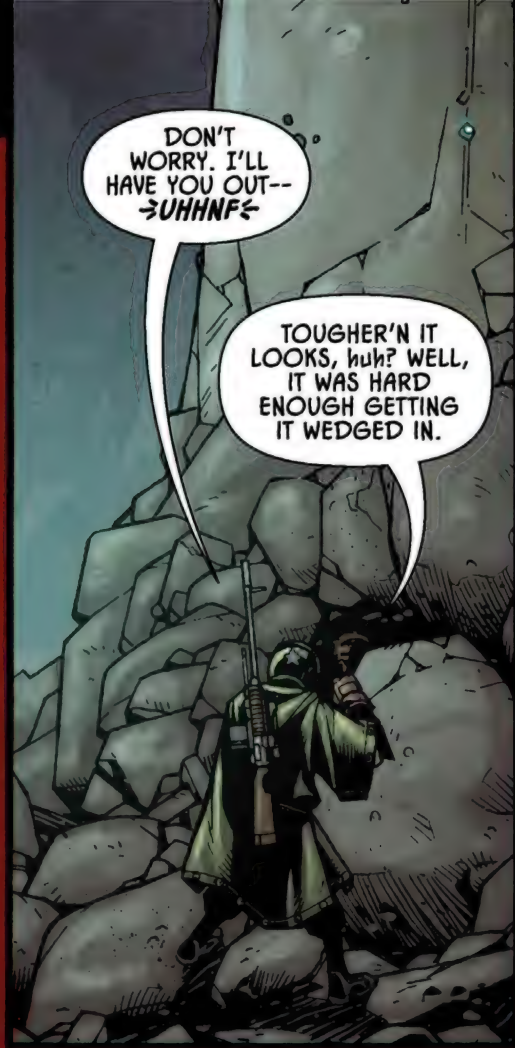
THAT'S
RIGHT. COME
THIS WAY.











1100110110
01011011011
11001001101
00111110111
0101010
11010101010
10101001110
11000110110
01011011011

Self--

1100110110
01011011011
11001001101
0011
0101
1101
10101001110
11000110110
01011011011
11001001101
00111110111
01010100110

Self-preservation
protocol override
with primary and
secondary behavioral
inhibitors.

Do not harm **KILL**
allow to **KILL**
omission **KILL.**

Do not **KILL** by act of
omission allow to **KILL**

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.

KILL.





GARY, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS.

HOW COULD I BELIEVE THAT WE...



HOLY CHRIST IN HEAVEN.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THESE MEN KILLED MY CREW. SHOT THEM ALL.



BLAGGH!

EWWW!



NO, MAN! I DON'T WANT ANY OF THIS!



BUT HOW DID YOU... YOU'RE ALIVE.

I'M AN ANDROID.



SCIENCE MODEL 270DA. HIGH IRON AND COPPER HYDRATION AND CONDUCTOR FLUID.

RED. LIKE BLOOD.



I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY.



YES,
OF COURSE.
OBVIOUSLY.

IT'S
HORRIBLE--WE
WERE ANIMALS,
BUT--

YOU NEED TO
UNDERSTAND
SOMETHING.



RED'S A
GOOD MAN. HE IS.
THOSE THINGS KILLED
ALMOST **FORTY** OF
US, BUT **WE'RE** ALIVE
BECAUSE OF HIM.

IT'S THIS
PLACE. IT DROVE US
ALL **CRAZY**. IT MADE US
DO INSANE THINGS, EVERYONE.
ALL ANY OF US EVER THOUGHT
ABOUT WAS PROTECTING THIS
PLACE. WE WERE SCARED TO
LOSE IT. I DON'T KNOW
WHY, BUT WE WERE.

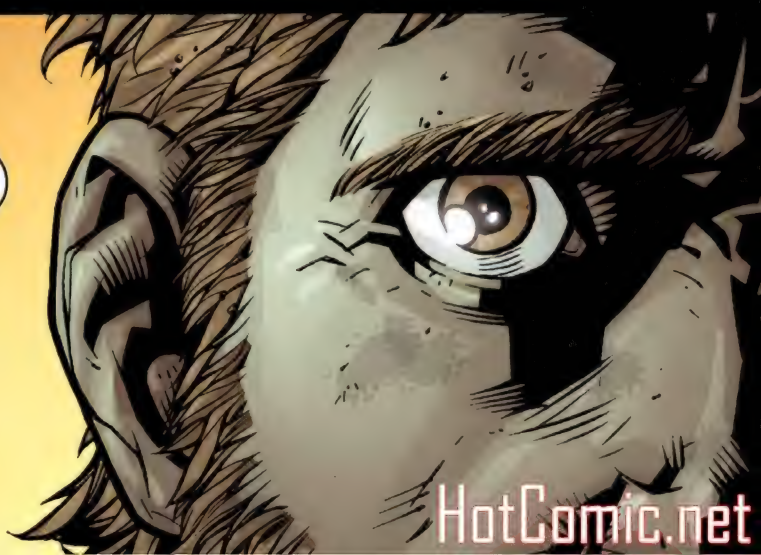


GOD, I MUST SOUND
CRAZY **NOW**. IF I
WERE YOU, I'D WANT
REVENGE, TOO.

HE DOESN'T
WANT REVENGE,
DONIA. ANDROIDS
ARE INCAPABLE OF
HURTING HUMANS.



I'M NOT
SURE THAT'S **TRUE**
ANYMORE.







BLAM
BLAM





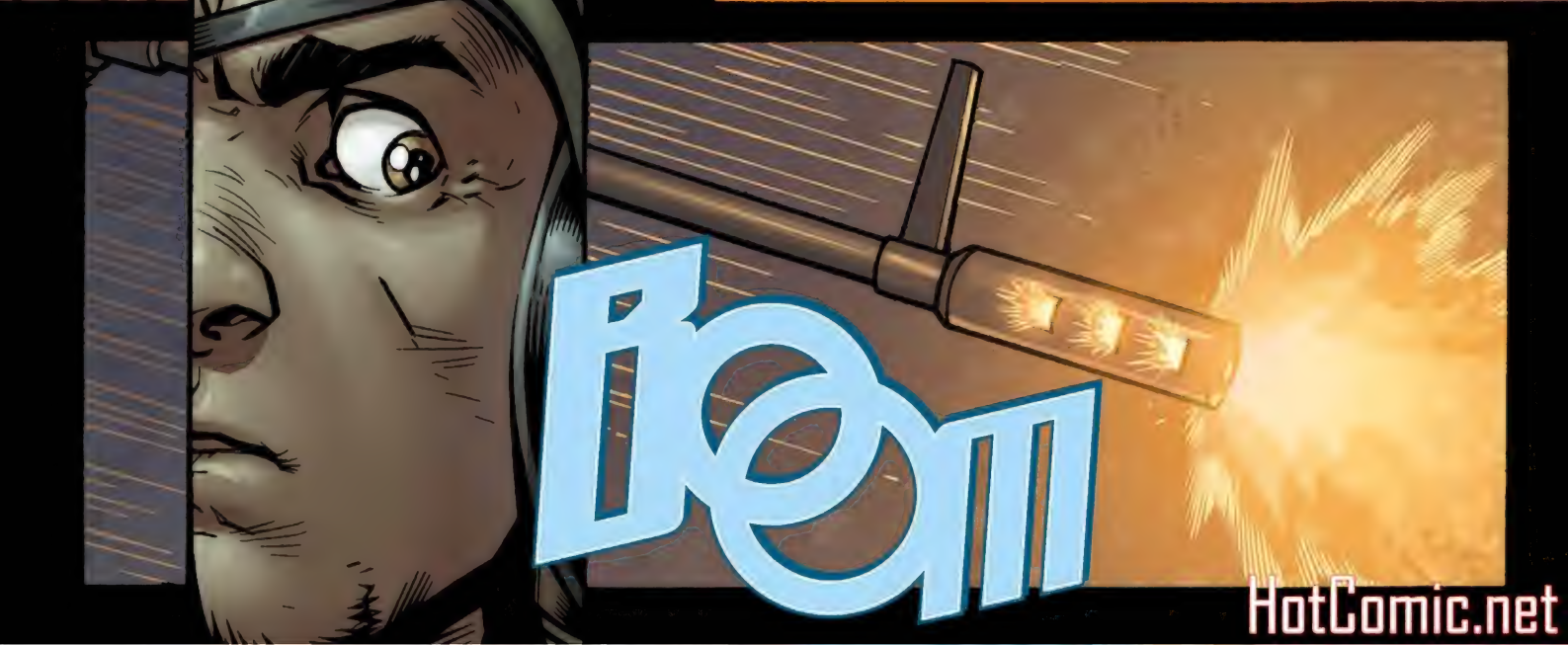


I CAN'T--
THEY KEEP
JUMPING!



Oh, \$#@%!
Oh, \$#@%!

I
SAID KEEP
FIRING!





DAMMIT...



WHYWHY
WHYWHYWHY
WHY?!!!



GODDAMMIT,
I WISH YOU'D GIVEN
ME THAT GUN.

RASHARD
WAS **NO** KIND
OF SHOT.



GIVE YOU
A GUN?!

ANYWAY,
YOU **HAVE**
A GUN!



I RAN
OUTTA AMMO
THREE DAYS
AGO!

FUMP



LISTEN,
MISTER--
MISTER...I
DON'T EVEN
KNOW YOUR
DAMN
NAME.

I'M SORRY
ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED. I AM,
BUT WE NEED TO
KNOW SOMETHING
RIGHT NOW.

ARE YOU
GOING TO **KILL ME**,
OR ARE YOU GOING
TO HELP US **GET OUT**
OF HERE?



I'LL
HELP YOU.

I'M GOING
TO HELP **ALL**
OF YOU.



THESE
SHOULD WORK
IN YOUR GUN.

COME ON.
WE'VE GOT A
WOMAN TO
FIND.



"AND YOU CAN JUST
CALL ME SEREDA."



I DON'T
BLAME RASHARD
ON YOU.

I WOULDN'T
HAVE GIVEN RED
A GUN EITHER, IN
YOUR SHOES.



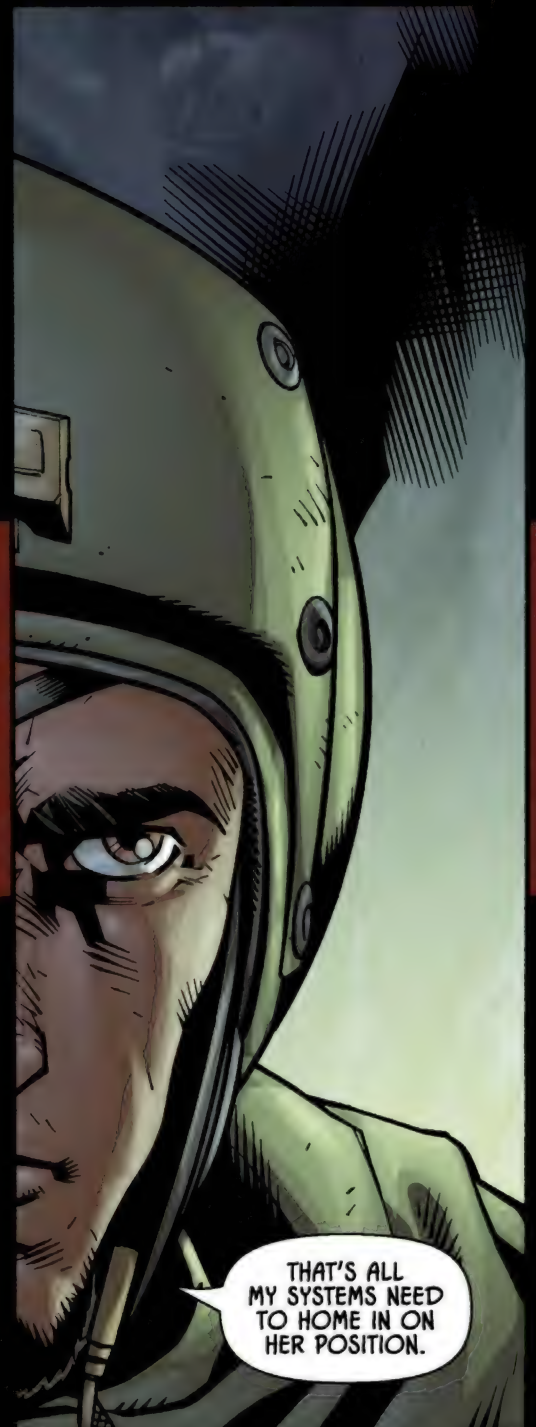
WE'VE ALL
LOST SO MUCH,
BUT IF MAYBE WE
CAN SAVE ANDREA
FROM WHEREVER
SHE IS...

...IT'LL BE
WORTH IT.



NOT TOO
LONG AGO. AND I
ONLY LOST VOICE
CONTACT. MY RADIO
CAN STILL PICK UP HER
RADIO'S LOCATOR
FREQUENCY.

MR. SEREDA,
THE LAST TIME YOU
TALKED TO ANDREA,
BEFORE YOUR RADIO
BROKE--WHEN WAS
THAT?



THAT'S ALL
MY SYSTEMS NEED
TO HOME IN ON
HER POSITION.



HIS
"SYSTEMS." YOU
HEAR THAT? HIS
"SYSTEMS."

THE
"SYSTEMS" HE
SAID WE DAMAGED
WHEN WE SHOT
HIM UP.



YOU SHOT
HIM, RED. WHEN
YOU SHOT HIM.

YEAH, THAT'S
RIGHT. *I* DID--AND
YOU HELPED ME. BUT
WE WERE CRAZY, GARY.
WE WERE OUTTA OUR
MINDS!



BUT WE
AREN'T ANY-
MORE,
RIGHT?

SO THEN
WHY ARE WE
ALL FOLLOWING
THIS BROKEN-
DOWN SYNTH TO
OUR DEATHS,
huh?



**WHY?!!
WHY?!!**

'CAUSE THE ONLY
GODDAMNED REASON
HE CAME DOWN HERE
WAS THAT GIRL HE'S
LOOKING FOR!

THE ONLY
REASON HE FOUND
US--AND SAVED OUR
ASSES--IS 'CAUSE SHE
CALLED HIM IN THE
FIRST PLACE!

GET IT
THROUGH
YOUR HEAD, MAN!
NOBODY WANTS TO
HEAR WHAT YOU
GOT TO SAY!

'SPECIALLY
ME.






DID
EITHER ONE
OF YOU KNOW
ANDREA?

NOT WELL.
SHE HAD A
BROTHER, I
THINK.




SHE DID.
I WORKED
WITH HIM ON A
SANITATION
DETAIL.



SHE TOLD
ME A LITTLE ABOUT
THE--ABOUT HOW YOU
ALL SEEMED TO LOSE
YOURSELVES, BUT
NO DETAILS.

WHAT
HAPPENED,
EXACTLY?



EXACTLY?
WHO KNOWS?



"BUT AS SOON AS WE GOT TO
THE CANYON CITY, IT STARTED.

"I MEAN, AT FIRST, YOU WROTE IT OFF AS EXCITEMENT,
BUT AFTER A FEW DAYS, WHEN YOUR HEART WAS STILL
POUNDED, AND YOU WERE STILL GETTING DIZZY,
YOU KNEW IT WAS SOMETHING MORE.

"YOU KNEW THE CITY WAS
IN YOUR HEAD, BUT YOU
KNEW...YOU *THOUGHT*
IT WAS OKAY.

"IT WAS OKAY, BECAUSE
IT MEANT THE CITY WASN'T
DEAD AFTER ALL. IT WAS
JUST SICK, AND SAD,
AND YOU WANTED TO
PROTECT IT.

"EVERYTHING OUTSIDE THE CITY
WAS GONE FROM YOUR HEAD.
THE CITY WAS EVERYTHING. YOUR
CHILD AND MOTHER. IT NEEDED
TO BE SAVED, *AND* IT MADE
YOU *FEEL* SAFE.

"FROM
EVERYTHING.

"IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN,
BUT AFTER A BIT, THE
CITY GOT BETTER,
NOT SO SAD.

"AND SLOWLY,
THE CITY OPENED
UP TO US.

"WE THOUGHT THEY WERE
OUR REWARD, THAT THE CITY
HAD GIVEN THEM TO US.

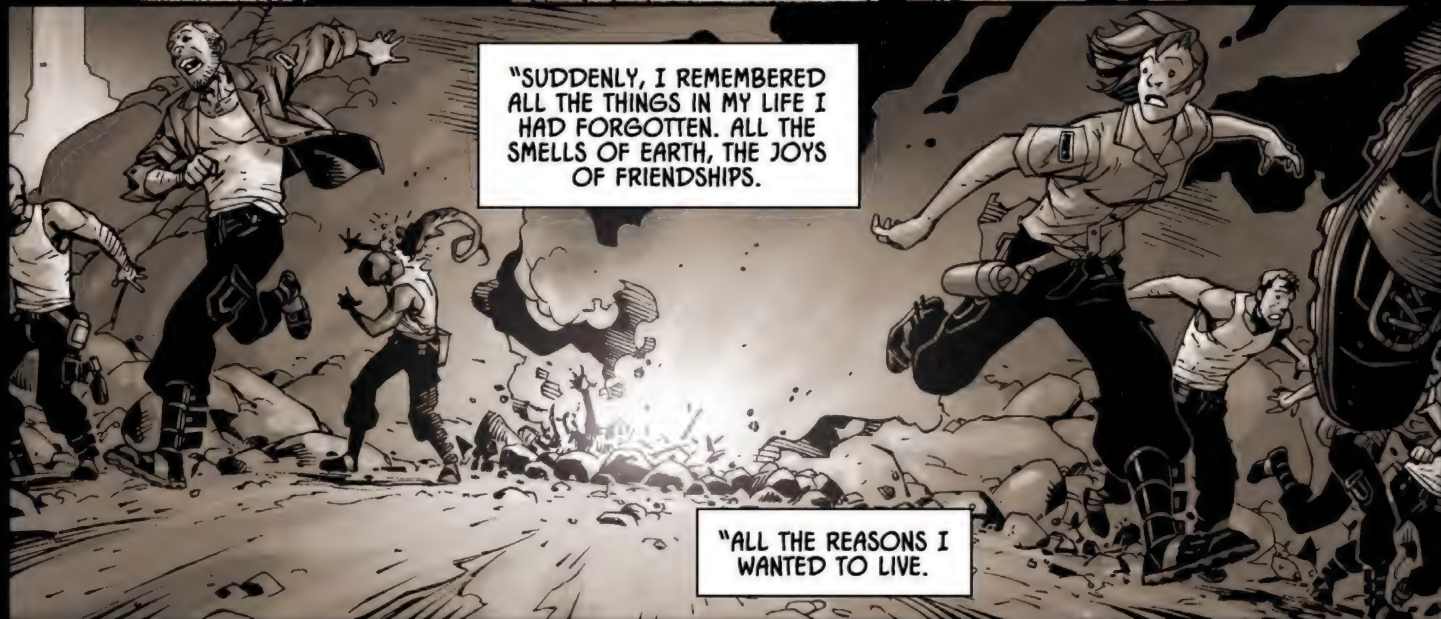
"WE CALLED
THEM BLESSINGS.

"CAN YOU
IMAGINE?

"DOWN, DEEP INTO
THE CANYON, WE TOOK
THEM. TO HIDE THEM,
AND GUARD THEM.

"ONE MORNING, THERE
WAS THIS CREATURE, BUT
IT WAS DEAD. NOBODY
HAD SEEN IT HATCH,
NOBODY KNEW ANYTHING.

"BUT WE WERE
GOING TO LEARN.



"SUDDENLY, I REMEMBERED
ALL THE THINGS IN MY LIFE I
HAD FORGOTTEN. ALL THE
SMELLS OF EARTH, THE JOYS
OF FRIENDSHIPS.

"ALL THE REASONS I
WANTED TO LIVE.



"THE CITY WASN'T SO NICE,
OR NEEDY ANYMORE. IT WAS
A HORRIBLE, BIZARRE MAZE
THAT I COULDN'T ESCAPE.

"IT WAS ALMOST
A WEEK BEFORE
THE OTHERS
FOUND ME."



WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT THE EGGS DESCRIBES THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE CREATURES THAT ATTACKED EARTH. DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE THAT?

WE HEARD ABOUT THE INVASION, BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN ON EARTH IN YEARS.



EVEN IF WE'D KNOWN, IT WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED. WE WERE CRAZY. WE THOUGHT WE WERE HELPING THE CITY.

BUT YOU'RE OKAY NOW. YOU CAME TO YOUR SENSES WHEN THE CREATURES ATTACKED. ALL OF YOU?

THE FEW OF US LEFT. IT'S THE FEAR, I THINK. NOT WEIRD, VAGUE PARANOIA BUT REAL LIFE-AND-DEATH FEAR.

ADRENALINE, MAYBE? I DON'T KNOW, BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE AFRAID, WE'RE LUCID.

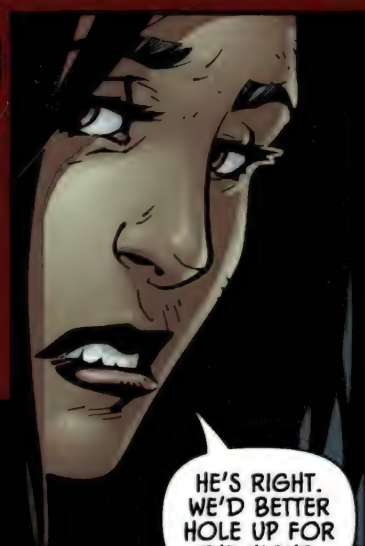


YOU'RE **NOT** AFRAID, ARE YOU? YOU'RE MARCHING RIGHT DOWN AFTER ANDREA. YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL.

NO, I'M NOT AFRAID. BUT I'M NOT HUMAN, EITHER.



LOSING LIGHT. YOU KNOW HOW THEY GET AFTER DARK.



HE'S RIGHT. WE'D BETTER HOLE UP FOR THE NIGHT.



THIS AMAZING
ARCHITECTURE, THE
ARTIFACTS, THESE ODD
NATURAL FORMATIONS.
ALL OF IT ALL AROUND
ME, AND I CAN'T
EVEN THINK ABOUT
THAT.

NOT
RIGHT NOW.
MAYBE
NEVER.



NEED TO
CONCENTRATE ON THE
OTHER ALIENS. ILENE
SAID THEY FOUND ONLY
SIX EGGS, BUT I'VE
KILLED MORE THAN
SIX MYSELF.

COULD
HAVE BEEN
OTHER
EGGS.



OR MAYBE
THEY REPRODUCE
DIFFERENTLY FROM
THE XENOMORPHS
ON EARTH.

THEIR
APPEARANCE VARIES,
AND IF ILENE'S ACCOUNT
IS ACCURATE, THEY
INFECT HOSTS MORE
QUICKLY--

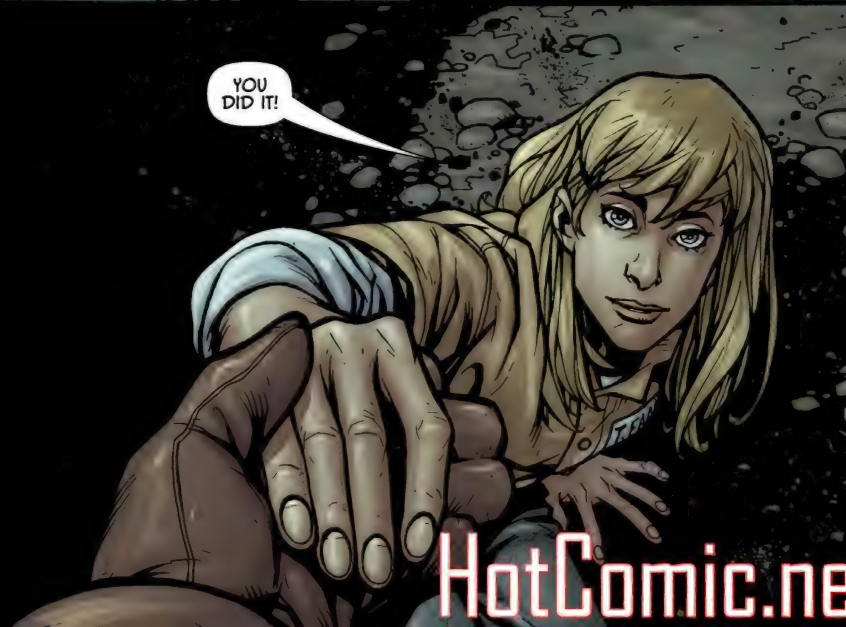
HELP!



ANDREA!



IT'S
OKAY, ANDREA.
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT NOW.



YOU
DID IT!





HOW?!
HOW CAN YOU
STILL WANT TO
FOLLOW
HIM?!

HE
SAVED OUR
LIVES!



WHICH IS
GREAT! IT IS. SO
LET'S RETURN THE
FAVOR AND GET
HIM BACK TO
HIS SHIP FOR
REPAIRS.

MAYBE
THAT'S NOT
WHAT HE
WANTS.



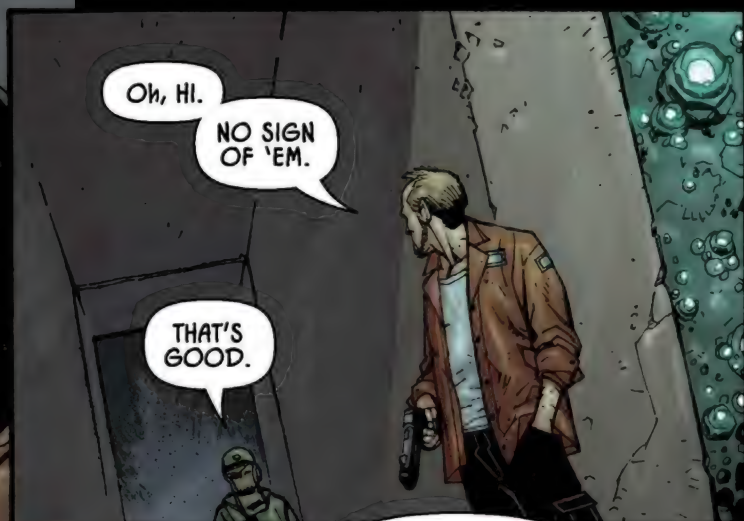
OKAY, IF
THAT'S NOT WHAT
HE WANTS, WE LEAVE
HIM TO HIS BUSINESS,
AND WE HEAD OUT.
I'M GOOD WITH
THAT.

YOU KEEP
FORGETTING, THIS
CANYON'S A MAZE.
YOU MIGHT NEVER GET
US OUT, BUT HE CAN
FIND THE WAY JUST BY
HOMING HIS SYSTEMS
IN ON HIS SHIP'S
SIGNAL.



AGAIN
WITH HIS
"SYSTEM!"

HE'S
#&%ING
BROKEN,
MAN!!











NO.
THAT'S NOT WHAT
HAPPENED.

NOT EXACTLY.
TERESE WAS
NOWHERE
NEAR ME.



TERESE?
WHO'S
TERESE?



OH,
GOD!!
WAS
SHE--?

DID WE
KILL HER?





IT
DOESN'T
MATTER.

THAT
MEANS "YES"!
CHRIST, NOW I
KNOW THE NAME
OF ONE OF
THEM!



CALM
DOWN,
GARY.

EASY FOR
YOU TO SAY...
EASY FOR
YOU...



YOU'RE
WRONG. I
JUST WANT
TO FIND
ANDREA.



LET IT
GO, GARY.
I HAVE.

DOESN'T
SOUND
LIKE IT.



"I JUST WANT TO GET
HER OUT OF HERE."



ALL
RIGHT. YEAH.
I REMEMBER
THIS PLACE.

PASSED IT
ON THE WAY
DOWN.

I'LL FIND
MY WAY OUTTA
HERE. NOT SO
HARD.

DON'T NEED
A HAYWIRE TOUR
GUIDE TO GET
ME HOME.

GARY'S ONE
THING, FRIGGIN' HALF-
WIT THAT HE IS, BUT
DONIA AND ILENE?
THAT'S SOMETHING
ELSE.

--AND WITH
THESE CREATURES
AROUND--**→HUFF←**--
NEVER HAVE TO REPORT
THE SHOOTING AT
ALL--



→HUFF←--
SURE THE HONITOS--
→GASP←--REASONABLE
ENOUGH. **→HUFF←**--
SELL 'NOTHER LEASE--
→HUHN←--AND I GET
MY PERCENTAGE--



--**→HUFF-
HUFF←**--ONE
DOWN...**→GASP←**--
PASS IT 'ROUND--
→ERFF← FORTY-
EIGHT BUHH-
BOTTLES--



→UHHHHNGH←
→SSHHHH←--
'KAY. JUS' ONE--
→OOOF←--ONE
BIG HEAVE--





C'MON,
DONIA. IF
I CAN DO
IT, YOU CAN
DO IT.

IT'S JUST
SO---SO
STEEP!



MR. SEREDA,
ARE YOU SURE
THIS IS THE
WAY?



THE SIGNAL
IS VERY STRONG.
IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF
HOURS NOW.

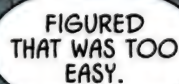


GARY, DO
YOU THINK HE'S
RIGHT? I MEAN,
DO YOU THINK
HE COULD BE
WRONG?

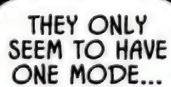


DOESN'T
MUCH MATTER,
DONIA. EITHER
WAY, YOU'D
BETTER
HURRY.





THIS
GROUP NEVER
HIDES, NEVER
RETREATS.



ATTACK!











I'M OUT!!
I'M OUT OF
AMMO!

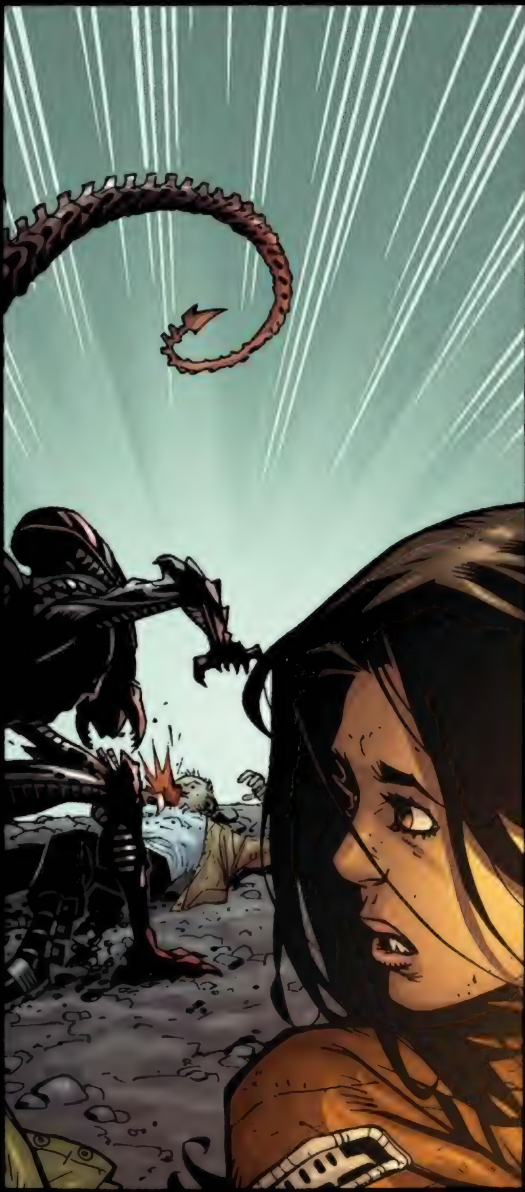


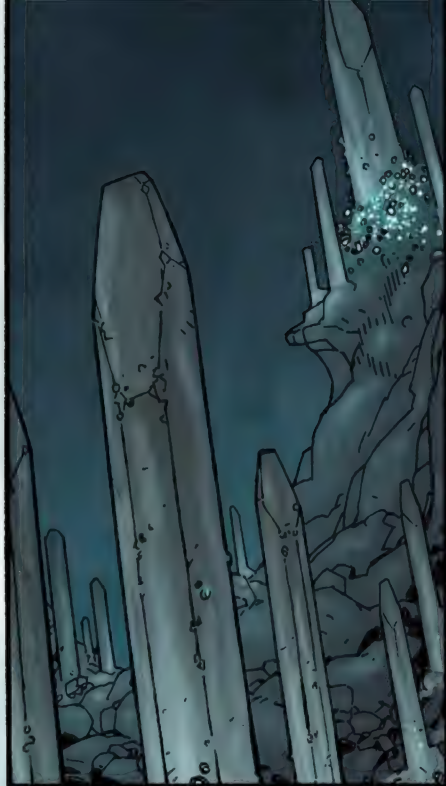
HAH!!
ALMOST
DONE HERE!!



NOBODY'S
DYIN' TODAY!









--AND
SEE.

BEAUTIFUL.
YOU NEED...
I NEED...

YEAH,
YEAH, THAT'S
RIGHT. I
REMEMBER.

I DO.
I DO. I DO.
I DO...





"I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE THINKING."



"YOU'RE
THINKING ABOUT
WHAT RED SAID."



"AND
ABOUT
GARY."

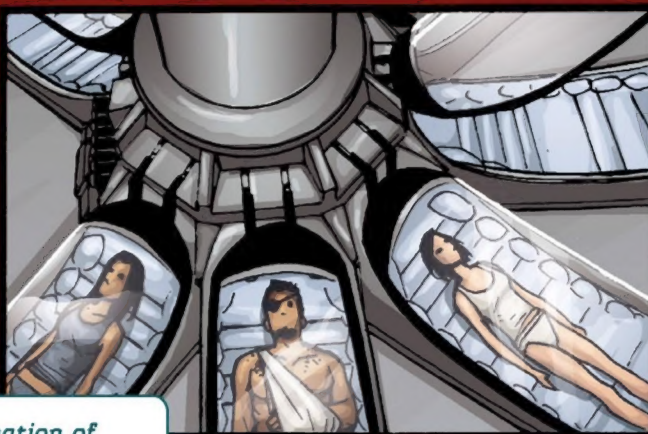
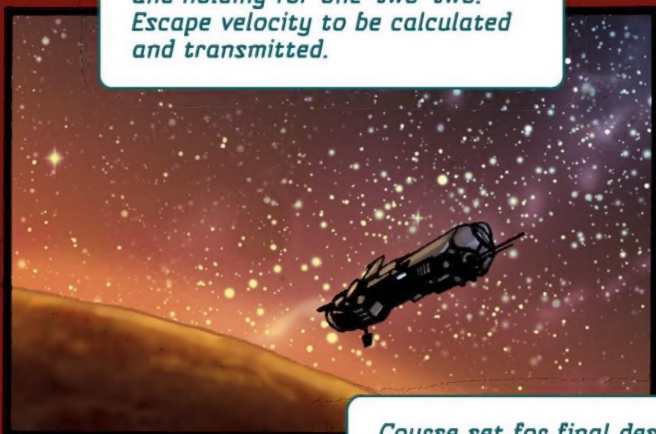


"YOU'RE THINKING
YOU WERE WRONG."



Vidar C-24 medium shields engaged and prepared for take off.

Altitude thirty-five thousand feet and holding for one-two-two. Escape velocity to be calculated and transmitted.



Course set for final destination of Sol III. Program controls initiated and timed out at five-seven-five days.



Vidar C-24 heavy underway.



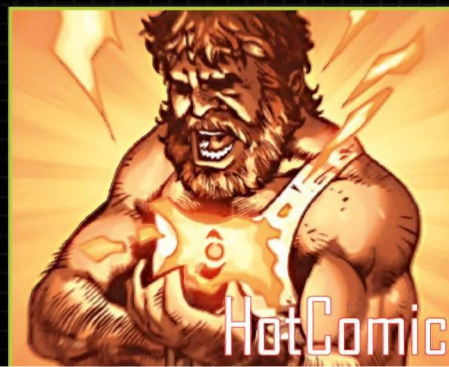
ALIENS™

M O R E T H A N H U M A N

“Dark Horse’s **ALIENS** might just be back on top of the science-fiction-action-horror genre.”—FANGORIA ONLINE

A group of wildcat planetary prospectors plant their flag on a distant new world, rich in land, resources . . . and mystery. Within this seemingly uninhabited planet lies the greatest archaeological discovery in history, an ancient, abandoned complex of impossible proportions carved deep within the living rock, a mind-numbing labyrinth of passages, ramps, bridges, and galleries that seems to extend limitlessly. But as the exploration of the leviathan dead city proceeds deeper and deeper, the members of the team slowly begin to lose their grip on reality. But madness gives way to fear as the explorers begin to disappear. Something else lives within the necropolis, a faceless horror as deadly and merciless as space itself, a lethal terror that has waited centuries to awake . . . and destroy.

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